## THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD

A ROMANCE.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, Anthor of "Rutherford," "An Ambitious Woman," "A Gentleman of Leisure," "Inkling Cymbuls," de.

IV.

Continued. When we had left Mrs. Derian's house and were once more in the street, I began to speak of her with praise, enthusiasm. But my m ther did not share my mood.

"She is a strange person. Oth ," was her slow, meditative comment. "I do not know that I like her, for all that she seems so kind and good. "Oh. I am sure that she is both!" I answered, warmly. "I am sure that she meant all she

"There was a great deal that she did not mean," my mother returned. "Or, at least I could not belt thinking s. Still, this may be because I have never known persons of her class Very often she seemed to speak as if she did not expect you to believe her. True, this was only when she spoke of herself-not when she offered us help, or anything like that. I am not certain that she is not good and kind. So many ladies would have shrunk from us after . . after what has happened. Perhaps they would have ordered their servants to make us go away at tuce. They would have been alarmed at our very . But I know so little of ladies like herself. I have never seen any of them before. I may be quite wrong in my judgment. I . . I went, as you must have guessed, to hear some-thing about your para. And she could tell me so little. I did not dream of any help from her. I wish she had not spoken of giving me any help.

If I were in great want she would be the last per-

son living to whom I should apply." "You went," I returned with blunt frankness, because you thought she could tell you a great deal about para. And now you are disappointed. I think she is very nice; I like her. Whether she meant it all or no, mamu a. I was somehow pleased with everything she said. There was a great deal she said which I did not understand, for I am not old enough. But I remember much of it. and if I ever meet her again when I grow older I shall be able to make much of it clear. I shall have learned more then; I shall have studied and

"You know all that I can teach you already. Otho," said my mother, as we walked along. "He is in prison now. He will be there for two years. That is his time—two years. When you are stronger will you go to school?"

"Yes." I said. I was thinking of Mrs. Dorlan. She had fascinated me: I wanted to learn more, so that I could find a path into knowledge and education like hers. "Yes." I went on, "I will go to school, as you wished before I was ill. But

this lady, mamma? Shall we visit her again? "No." said my mother decisively And we did not. In a month or so I went to the school formerly proposed. It was a large brick building, filled with shabby and pleberan scholars. These were all boys, and the teachers, except in a few of the senior classes, were all The classes were designated by letters of the alphabet, A meaning the highest grade of at

tainment for any pupil, and final entrance into what was then the Free Academy and is now the College of New York. (The word "free" had perish; it bore quite too offensive two years to this "ward school," as they termed it, and I can not say that they were happy years, or morally improving ones. In the first place, the three teachers under whose successive tutelage a rather rapid promotion placed me, were women f much inherent vulgarity and, as naturally followed, of ill-governed tempers. But it would almost have required an aureoled saint, on the other hand, to deal unruffled with some of the imps and elves who trooped every morning into those plain, dull, cheerless rooms, and sat upon their tiers of gaunt wooden benches. My three teachers were all very unsaintly women indeed. But I pitied them all. Their tasks were bateful to them on account of the excessive balness and mischief with which they were forever confronted. They had all three dropped into the habit of being incessantly cross, because stern measures were so often required of them. They

(myself alone excepted) without giving a sour frown a biting curtness, a tang of sarcasm, to the meek, sorrowful woman whose girlish lave the remark. If either of them had once addressed us in a tone of real kindliness we would have felt something very like consternation Overworked, often forced to master on the provious nights many of the lessons which they heard us recite during the day, ill-fed, compelled to brave the worst weathers in garments not always of the most resistant sort, it is far from strange that these women were incessantly out of health. One was always putting her hand to her head as if a twinge of pain stabbed it; another had a backing cough; a third seemed at times nearly choked by a catarrhal trouble. And whenever their maladies were most acute the boys were sure to be most contumacious. Every morning at nine o'clock, and every afternoon at the hour of dismissal, (three o'clock, I believe we had to assem-

ble in an immense dreary room over whose door-

ways were written mottoes from Scripture, such as "Deliver us from evil," or "A wise son maketh

a glad father." This coming together was like a

gathering of the clans We would march in sin-

gle file from our respective class-rooms to the

sound of a fingling plane lamely played by one

sound of a fingling plano lamely played by one of the teachers. Then the Bible which Irish priesteraft has since endeavored to abolish from our public schools was read to us for about ten minutes by the principal. Mr. Barlowe. Mr. Barlowe was a hamisome man, with a tall, muscular figure, a metallic kind of eye, and a large glossy hlack beard. As I look back upon him he seems to me the incarnation of relentiess cruelty. If the public schools yet retain their Bible, they have, however, sent adrift something decidedly more worthy of exorcism. I mean corporal punishment. It is terrible to recollect the tortune that Mr. Barlowe inflicted with his slim, biting rattan. Every afternoon he would appear to us, like an executioner among a throng of shivering criminals. Miss Budd or Miss Jenks or Miss Moriarty those were the names of my three teachers would hand him the fatal list of his victims. Unless they had committed some special offence,

ing criminals also have learned from three teachers; would hand him the fatal list of his victims. Unless they had committed some special offence, these ladies would use only the one significant word "disorderly." Then the condensed ones were forced to rise, and then a hideous castigation would begin. Mr. Barlowe would make his lithe switch descend upon their hands, which they were forced to put forward and to open. I have a conviction that the azony of these helpless, cowering urchins gave Mr. Barlowe a sharp pleasure. Some of the boys used to put resin on their hands to prevent the pain of the blows. The boys were bad enough, but Mr. Barlowe, in his handsome, insolent pride of office, was worse than they. No stroke of his vile rattan ever wrought the least good, and yet he exerted it, day after day, like the hard-grained tyrant that he was. I have learned, in succeeding years, that Mr. Barlowe has gained a name and almost a fame as a public school principal. But now that decency has wrested from him his rattan, I cannot imazine what sceptre he uses, since his former rule was so thoroughly wrong and base.

I used to tell Michael, after school-hours, of how he punished the refractory boys. Mike's grim face would cloud as he heard my fales.

I used to tell Michael, after school-hours, of how he punished the refractory boys. Mike's grim face would cloud as he heard my tales. "Shure, an' if he ever goes fur you, Otho," Mike would say, "jusht tell me, an' it'll be putty closhe guarters betune of an' him."

But Mr. Barlowe never "went for" me. I gave good redtations, as a rule, and obeyed commands. Still, I secretly despised the discipline which made fear of personal hurt a reason for proper conduct. I soon grew to think Mr. Barlowe's system revolting, as so many right-minded people afterward held it.

Once he wanted to strike me, and was pre-

ing, as so many right-minded people arterward beld it.

Once he wanted to strike me and was prevented. Usually obedient and tractable. I had been, on a certain day, peevish and wilful. At the end of the names which the teacher gave him, mine was clearly though rather faintly uttered. I rose when I heard my name. As I did so I clenched my hands behind my back till the nails almost bit into the fiesh. A sudden swift look from my teacher warned me to reseat myself. But I did not heed the look. I stood and waited. Seven or eight boys were nercliessly flogged. It came my turn. I still stood. Mr. Barlowe advanced toward me. He started as he saw my face, and turned toward my teacher. And then she too perceived that I was standing She waved both hands and hurried to Mr. Barlowe's side. "No, no," she said.

waved both hands and hurried to all side. "No, no," she said.

I saw them whisper together. I heard them, also. I caught the words "best boy I have"—
"a little unruly to-day—never mind for once" leave my teacher's lips. But I still stood firm.
"Why not?" I heard Mr. Barlowe say, as he shot a look at me from under his fine, arched eye-

brows. And then, with the ratten still fresh from previous to ture, he drew near to me.

I clenched my hands still closer. I thought of what Mike had said, and of what he could do. I longed to have him there then, but he was not there, and I must fight alone.

I meant to fight, as Mr. Barlowe said to me "Hold out your hand, sir." I did not hold out my hand. And just then the teacher rushed forward and grasped Mr. Barlowe's stout arm. "No, no," she expostulated, "not that! I did not mean that for him!"

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ferward and grasped Mr. Barlowe's stout arm. "No, no," she expostulated, "not that! I did not mean that for him!"

Mr. Barlowe here motioned for me to sit. I seated myself. If he had struck me that day it would have been a day for him to remember. But very soon afterward the teacher took me aside and begred me to forgive having mentioned my name among those doomed for punishment. I heard her in silence. She was penitent, as I readily saw, but I could not forgive her just yet. Meanwhile something—let it be called a spell, a witchery, whatever he who now reads may choose to call it—had put me agart from all the other pupils. My intelligence was such that I could easily master every task assigned me, and fin each branch of study I always held the highest rank. My teachers petied, humored, and would have caressed me if I had permitted them. My classmates, without a single exception, taid me a deference which recembled homate. I often treated them haughtily, and selected from them my favorites at the grounting of caparice. Some of them were sadly uncouth, and of unbridled license in speech. But none of them ever presumed to address me except in decently courteous phrases. It was remarkable how I managed to win every-body over without indeed managing at all. I do not boast: I chronicle. Boys of from twelve to lifteen years, when they are boys reared in homes of poverty, ignerance, and even of sin as well, are too often the gressest animal products. I saw not a few of this sort, and in nearly all cases I gave them a wide borth. But my avoidance aroused no spleen, no rancor. They scenned to take for granted that I not only bore myself as one above them. They were all somehow on my side; they appeared to be in a manner proud of me. I moved among them like a little prince. Many of them would have waited on me as servants on a master if I had made a sign that such was my wish. I never tried to account for it all: I never, in these days, gave it a thought; I had not the slightest sense of triumph. It had become a matter-of did. In nest boysh sports I took pleasure, and acquitited myself with skill. But in these I chose only certain associates, and always found my exclusive tendencies treated with respect. Whenever I descended during recess into the uzly flagged courtyard where the boys romped and shouted, I had a small throng of picked companions ready at once to gather about me. There is no doubt that I inspired in these a good deal of genuine affection. But I gave them very little in return. They were playmates of the hour, nothing more. I had the unconscious act or trick, or whatever it was, of attracting whom I chose to attract. My mother had been perfectly right. I was born to win people by a smile, a glance, a sentence.

And in this way two years glided along. During that time I never once alluded to my father while at home. But I counted the months as they laysed onward. My mother often went with me into the streets, now. But at length she

they laysed onward. My mother often went with me into the streets, now. But at length she ceased to leave the house. I knew why. It was then early spring. I said to her, one day: "You remain indoors because he is out of prison. Or at least you know that his term has passed."

She started, and I saw her lips tremble. "Yes, Othe," she said

Otho. Otho. she said.

"But you can not live like this, mamma. You can not shut yourself up always. After a while it may make you ill. After a while it may she said.

it may make you ill. After a while it may even kill you."

She lifted her large dark eyes to mine. "If it were not for you," she answered, "I should be very willing to die. If it were not for you, Otho, that would be far better than....

She paused. I understood. The air of the room seemed to turn chill, as if the breath from a vault had swept through it.

We had had two years of peace, and now the old trouble and fear had come back to us. The menace and the shadow were once again over my mother's mind and heart!

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In these days I asked myself if I could do nothing to lessen her dread and uncertainty. I wanted to take some secret step, and leave her unaware that I had done so until it resulted in some sort of assured success. With this view I consuited Michael, my unswerving friend and ally Could no means be hit upon of tracing my father's present whereabouts? He had undoubtedly left prison. Might we not succeed in learning if he were still in New York and if he still cherished those murderous designs against his wife? It was possible that immurement and the recollection of his horrid mistake had tamed and calmed him. Perhaps no thought of seeking my mother's life now fed brain and heart with its flery poison. In that case how precious would such news be to us! What a lead it would lift from the meek, sorrowful woman whose girlish love had become mockery, disaster and shame!

"You nad your head very knowingly indeed,"

She felt the poigmance of its appeal; she perceived how it clutched the bare fact, and presented this, and demanded a clear response.

She withuriew her hand tom mine with force, and then wavel both hands contusedly before her drooped face.

"Answer me! I exclaimed. "You do not, I shall know that this man from whom you are forced to hide, whose very you, holds more of your heart than I can ever gain!"

I stood near her, with burning look, with a life than I can ever gain!

I stood near her, with burning look, with a life than I can ever gain!

I stood near her, with burning look, with a life than I can ever gain!

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She lifed her eyes to my face. She sprang to her feet an instant afterward. Her express in was one of leven and Pata alone.

"Otho!" she cried, wildly. "I see your father in you and the file of the could not say the simplest thing to their scholars poison. In that case how precious would such

"You nod your head very knowingly indeed," I said to Michael one day, "and you scratch it with a great show of wisdom. But you have not yet told me if you can possibly get this knowledge that I so crave. And yet it seems to me

that there must be a way !" Here Mike redeemed himself from my rather hasty charge of dulness by recommending an application to the police. The truth, he said, could be got at in this way better than in any other It was not improbable that my father's movements after he left prison had been closely watched. Michael had several intimate friends on the policeforce. He would sound one or two of them regarding the best method of going to work, since of course it was highly desirable that great caution should be used. We must contrive to remain

hidden while we secured our knowledge of him.

"And if we learn, Mike," I said, after approving this plan, "that my father still nurses the same wicked purpose, then it will be our duty to lodge some kind of public complaint against him Mamma cannot be made a captive for years. I am no longer a child, and my health is so much better than what it was that I am almost robust and hearty. I feel that I have a duty to rerform, a responsibility to discharge. If anything should happen now, after the way in which we were warned, it would be still more horrible for us. because we should hold ourselves to blame. As it is, Michael, let us learn the facts if we can, and act accordingly. And do not mention even to Martha what you propose doing."

Michael, devoted soul, went to work in great secrecy. His friends on the police-force were no doubt excellent aids. From day to day he told me nothing, and I asked him no questions. But meanwhile he was urging his stealthy work with much tact and skill. He knew just what I wanted him to do and how I wanted him to do

it. An occasional word and no more would apprise me that he still strove and persevered. I read his faithful spirit so clearly! He had all that is best and finest in his often abused race. without its marked powers of intellect which. when best and finest, are so frequently erratic and wilful. His was the sweet Irish nature that can love with such inexhaustible warmth, and serve where it loves with such steadfast devotion. Brilliancy has been the peril of his people. They fail as great leaders, but in all qualities of allegiance and fidelity no land has eclipsed them.

Life had for many months flowed smoothly in our obscure little home, whither death so constantly brought us its gloom and its plaint that we had grown to regard both as commonplace, like the sure shade wrought naturally by the sun-beam. I could not fail to see that my mother fook great pride in me, that she watched my least act with fond vigilance, that she rejoiced at my intellectual promise, that her old instinct of protection had begun to wear the hue of dependence and reliance.

"You are a very good boy, Otho," she tenderly said to me on a certain evening when I bade her good night before I went to rest in my small room adjoining her own. "I hope you will always be as much of a comfort to me as you are now. And I hope everything will always go as smoothly with you as it does now, chéri, "As smoothly, mamma?" I questioned.

"Yes, Otho. I would not flatter you for the world, since that might give you a false estimate of your own talents, and make you prone to flaunt and parade them unduly. But though you possess talents quite beyond the common, I think your good sense is sound enough to recognize the folly of idle -pride in their possession. And yet these, like the beauty and the charm of which I am so glad to see you not boastful, render your daily course thus far a rarely easy one Where other boys of your age toil and strain for

eminence, you win it with scarcely an effort. I have so often watched you at your lessons; there are some of them that your understanding and your memory seize with a strange speed. You are full of gifts. The ills and hurts that beset most lads have never touched you at all. I know your career at school-you have told me what it has been. Everybody succumbs to you as I do, as your Michael and Martha do. It often seen's to me as if you were born to be indulged. But, Otho, you silently accept too much and give too little in return. Be careful, my son-be careful! You do not love as you are loved. . . I hate to sreak of this to you now, because you are still so young. But some day you will love. Some day you will give a great love and want it regald in full, and question yourself constantly as to whether it is regaid in full. And if it is not, my boy-or if you should think it is not,

My mother's voice faltered here. I threw my arms about her neck and pressed my lips to hers. "Oh, mamma." I said, "why do you worry yourself with thoughts like these? It must come of your making those sad, white shrouds-oe metier your making those sad, white shrouds—ce metier functive! I shall never love as you say. I shall never love any one as I love you. And if I should ever marry, you will see my wife and judge of this, for you will live many, many years-you are still so young!"

"Many, many years?" she repeated, in a strangely musing tone.
"Yes-surely yes. Why not? And you must not say that I give no love back, matura! It

is cruel! "You do not give the love that is given you, Otho.

"You judge me unfairly, mamma,"

"No. . . I know you so well."
"Do you think I do not care for you as care for me? . . I kissed her as I spoke. With her lips close to mine she answered: "No. I must say it. My heart tells me-my mother's heart. You accept; you are grateful; but though you sometimes embrace me and caress me like

this, there is a coldness . . I can not explain . . but it is there. Oh, Otho, it is there!"

Her last word ended in a kind of sob. She had not classed me with her arms till then, but then she did so, tightly and abruptly.

I forced myself from their hold, however. She had angered me, and perhaps a pang of conscience fed this new mood. Between compunetion and accusative wrath the gulf is seldom a

"I see!" came my bitter cry. "You wish to say that I have no power to love except as he, my father, loved! You wish to warn me against a fault which you have no right to dread because you have never yet had reason to charge me with Is this fair? Is it not unmerciful?"

"Otho! What are you saying?"

But my words sped on. "You tell me that you have loved me so well! Admit that you have! But is your love for me now, at this moment, what it is for the man-my father, if you please-the man who wished to kill you?" "Otho. Do not speak like that."

I caught her unwilling hand. "Answer my question!" I demanded, with kindling eyes. "Which of us do you love the better at this moment? Of which do you think the more? Who holds your heart the more? Who fills your thought the more?"

My speech must now have been fierce. But she felt the poignance of its appeal; she perceived how it clutched the bare fact, and presented this,

her lack execeeded her partial swoon, and when I left her bedechamber it was long just midnight But for three or four hours I lay sleepless, dumbly horrified at the passionate outburst of which I had been quite.

had been guilty.
What did it mean? Did it mean that my what and it mean? Find it mean that my father had indeed stamped me with the world brand of his own madness? This was the second time within my experience that such a parcoxish had caucht me like a whit, wind. Was my will strong enough to stand guard against any third

will was certainly strong, and I vowed that night a nest solemn and meaning yow to crush down and control a passion which must need stouter bends every time that I let it slip that night a nest solema and negating you to crash down and control a passion which noist need stouter bends every time that I let it slip leash. A belief in the gover and permanence of my resolution brought with it a more placid mood. But not alone through the next day did a dull, sluggish trouble brood in my breast; for many days afterward I seemed to see the glad spring sun through a dusky mist. I had realized that though I fought against these surges of while feeling never so stremously, the source whence they rose. Blee a stagmant and noisone rool, must hide itself in my nature. That source was calousy. And strangely enough, when I now sought to analyze the only jealousy my life had thus far known. I found myself justifying and excusing it. My mind would harry along in impetuous and fervid argument. Was it fair. I would ask myself, that I should be held in my mother's affection lower than be was held who had wrecked her life? Ought I not to expect, to demand, nore than she gave my father? Was it not injustice, insult, that she should accord me an inferior place? Had I not been right in resenting what was truly a goad for revoit? Would not many another have felt my mortification, my grief?

But the fallacy of this reasoning might easily have struck me, and nothing except the bigotry and egotism of my own master fault now obscured it. For if some strange current of attraction still turned my mother's poor misused heart toward him whom it would have been far better to loathe, she had done so on my father's account; but it had been also on my account. Her patient sacrifice should have shared my selfishness.

It was not long before I told her of my stanch determination, and besought her parion for what had passed. It was given with a close, eazer embrace, but I knew that heneeforth a fresh dread was to haunt her brain and tinge its thoughts.

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determination, and besought her pardon for what had passed. It was given with a close, cazer embrace, but I knew that heneforth a fresh dread was to haunt her brain and tinge its thoughts.

"I will show you, mamma." I said, "that I am not half so much like him as you fear." "You made me fear that you were like him in that one thing at least, Otho, she answered. "But even if you had inherited all that is sinful in him, with strength of purjose and a little true courage you can remake your own character." This subject of beredity had just begun to fascinate me. But as yet I had scarvely given a thought to the marvellous phenomena of the will. The perceition of how we seem to be so absolutely free and yet are shaped and moulded by the agencies of our environment: the recognition of how an immense sequence of mental conditions, from our birth to the actual present instant, precedes, like one long haw of iron necessity, our existent state; the admission that any least or greatest act, from the mere lifting of a hand to the slaying of a fellow-creature, inflexibly follows a thousand previous acts, whether trivial or grave;—all this I had yet to ponder, to investigate, to accept But just now I was not too young to feel awed and startled by the thought that parentage could fix traits and tendencies in its offsuring as inseparable as a finger or an eyebrow. It was horrible for me to meditate upon the way in which all disease, whether of mind or body, so often comes to us like a dark, hated dower, like a debt which we have not contracted yet must juy in full. I recoiled before the hopeless fact of woe and sin being entailed and transmitted by sire to son. The misery of the world—and I had not seen so little of it that I was unable to estimate its malign weight and soope—was lit for me, in all its ravage and solemnity, by a new and searching ray. It was like seeing a lurid sun cast dying light upon some wreck where waves broke widly and shrieks rang out unheard into the deaf storm. I would sleep fill because of the rememb

I did not know, then, that just such futile questionings as these had driven older and finer brains than mine into sombre agonies of doubt, and even

tionings as these had driven older and finer brains than mine into sombre agonies of doubt, and even into madness as well!

Michael at length drew me aside, one day, with a demeanor that I at once decided to be portentous. He always had for important events a frown of more or less gloom. I knew all his frowns; this one was of the sort which he gave on having negotiated a specially lucrative funeral.

"Shure," he began, "it's somethin' I'm goin' to tell ye that'll be a big surprise. An' furst off I guess ye won't."

"Oh, you always tell the truth, Mike," I said, with rather rosy exaggeration. "What is it?"

Michael had found my father. One of his rolliceman friends had used influence with a certail very keen detective, who had no doubt done the ferreting work gratis, and just as a bloodhound might dispose of a rat or chipmunk in its pursuit of larger prey. Furthermore, Michael had himself seen my father, without the latter suspecting who he was. This was the first time the two nen had ever met. I soon judged, from what Michael imparted, that my father was much changed in appearance. I now heard him described as haggard of visage and rather lank of figure. The place of encounter had been a liquor-saloon, whose proprietor was fortunately, as Mike expressed it, "ralsed home in the same place wid meeself, d'ye mind." My father was in the habit of coming into this place every night, and taking as much bad brandy he always drank brandy as the coin or two in his possession would buy. He always drank brandy as the coin or two in his possession would buy. He always drank alone, always seemed moody and uncombad brandy the always drank brandy) as the coin or two in his possession would buy. He always drank alone, always seemed moody and uncommunicative, and never showed a sign of intoxication. He was evidently in great poverty; his clothes, if not of the worst, were frayed and shabiv. He dwelt not far away in the attic of a transment-house. It was not known how he secured the little money which fell to him, for he had had no regular occupation since leaving prison. It was supposed, however, that his great strength of frame made him sometimes valuable about the wharves.

All this interested me keenly. And it seemed All this inferested me keenly. And it seemed a vast advantage to have found out so much concerning our arch-foe. I had a sense of relief as I recalled the location of that liquor-shop and it adjacent tenement house. Both were well removed from our quarter, being near Bowling Green, in the breezy vicinity of the old Battery, not then as now so smart with flagged walks and marine changle.

now so smart with flagged walks and marine esplanade.

Strancely enough, as days followed this revelation of Michael's, a curiosity began to assail and tempt me. I wanted to have Michael contrive in some way that I should see my father while myself unseen. I knew that if I once made the request of him he would not be content till he had gratified it. The danger might be great or slight, according to circumstance. But it was not because of the danger that I shrank from taxing Michael's devotedness. It was because I doubted my own right to run the least risk of this sort without the knowledge of her for whom my safety and happiness were all that made life other than a ceaseless pain. Still, confidence in Michael reduced that risk tenfold as I reflected upon it. And as for personal fear, I had none whatever. All the timid qualus which beset a child had fled from me how. I had become a youth of not a little cool courage, and enoyed in imagination things that bore a spice of venture or peril.

little cool courage, and enjoyed in imagination things that bore a spice of venture or feril.

My mother had heard nothing of Michael's recent successful search. She need never know of the somewhat bold plan I was then forming. There was not the slightest chance-unless some dire mishap should occur—that she would not remain in continued ignorance of the whole matter. Why should I not confirm any doubt which still existed—and I confess there was a lurking one—that no mistake had been made in the precise identity of my father? Besides, I wanted to look upon him once again. It was wholly a curlosity, and I suppose it was clearly morbid as well. He had never loved me, or shown me a shade of tenderness. But I wanted to see what changes remorse, passion, dissipation, perhaps defeated morse, passion, dissipation, perhaps vengennee, had wrought in him.

morse, passion, dissipation, perhaps defeated vengennee, had wrought in him.

I finally spoke to Michael. He at first shook his head with decision. Then I spoke more persuasively, and he scratched it in characteristic doubt. There must be a way of my seeing my father. I told him, and yet of my remaining undiscovered. He could surely hit upon a way. "You're so shrewd, Mike." I added, with a touch of flattery, open and yet adroit "I am sure you could find it, if there were any way." "Anny way?" murmured Mike, grittinally and a little cressly. "Of coorse there ain't." I felt that I had gained my moint. Whenever Michael was the least cross to me it meant that a big fund of includence lay behind his grimness. And I was right in this case. On the following Saturday-my holiday from school—he had assamelay-my holiday from school—he had assame

and a little cressly. "Of coorse there ain't."

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Michael exclaimed to me just how the affair would be managed. I listened and gave my approval after I had heard. He must have been on rather intimate terms with Patrick Costello, the proprietor of the lighter salound I have before mentioned. My father was in the habit of entering there at about four clock every afternoon. An ambush in this place had been provided for both off us. We would be due, so to speak, at a charter of four, And we kept our engagement punctually to the minute.

The an bush struck me at once as wonderfully seeme. Michael and I found outselves placed in a small a artificial at one side of the general entrance. It was a little chamber intended for the bacchanal use of convivial rarties, and judging from its rasty, grimy table and its two or three effect chairs, I imagined what ristous cliques must investigated with a sudden horrible thrill. We were in Chatbam Square, almost at the verge of East Broadway. In a moment more we would place our feet upon the curb stone. I seized my mother's hand with great speed, "there is pana. Be careful Come"

I wanted her to turn with me. But she halted, and then stood motionless. My father advanced. "Come—come!" I urged, wildly. "He does not see us yet. He—"

But now he had seen us. And as he did so a great recombing start showed itself in both his frame and face. He abruptly paused had been used for ward straight in our direction. "Memma" I cried "Do not stand still like the bacchanal use of convival rarties, and judging from its rasty, grimy table and its two or three effect chairs. I imagined what ristous cliques missing from its rasty, grimy table and its two or three effect chairs. I imagined what ristous

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Of course it was all an old story to me.

no doubt that he did not look as it is knowned to ter.

Of course it was all an old story to me, Michael and I had seen it all before. But that afternoon it somehow seemed new and unwonted by loatisonic, because I realized that the man when my mother still loved might soon enter its woful domain. But four o'clock came without bringing him. The minutes preceding that hour brought more than one customer to Mg. Patrick Costello. I write of New-York as I saw it years ago, but the years have not changed this horrid, alcoholic part of it and what I record of past time is true of to-day.

I remember that afternoon so well, while Mike

ago, but the years have not changed this horrid, alcoholic part of it, and what I record of past time is true of to-day.

I remember that afternoon so well, while Mike and I waited in our hidiozpalace! A woman staggered in, with a big white nitcher, and a wrinkled face as white as the pitcher itself. "Fill give ye no nore," said Mr. Cestello, wining his bar innerturbably. This was in its way moral; it raised Mr. Costello in my opinion; he was not all for sordid gain. A little later two negroes entered. They were at once told to "get along out of that," with a flerre vehemence, and they derarted. The hate of this enslaved race was then rangant with the Irish of New-York. Still later a little child appeared, in fifthy rags and with bare feet, carrying a jug. The little creature could ust lift the jug to the bar's edge. "Where's yer money?" said Mr. Costello, unwilling and doubtless because of just impositions to fill the jug without first getting the price of what he would out into it. The froway child, standing on her maked tip toes, lifted a coin. Mr. Costello eved it susciciously as soon as his blue-mailed thumb and foretinger had touched it. Then, still with a dubious air, he placed it under the glossy cascade of his dyed mustache. A moment afterward he florag it into the empty jug, returned this to the child, and grumbled out.—"Get along wid ye. It's bad. Get along, now." The child, whimpering a little, "got along." just as the proscribed negroes had done.

And at last he came. I clutched Mike's brawny shoulder as I saw him enter. I knew him instantly But he was greatly altered. His face had lost all its cold, stern beauty; there was only the coldness and sternness left. His checks were sunken his bair was streaked with gray, his limined eves were dulled; and new harsh lines had creet about his pair was streaked with gray, his limined eves were dulled; and new harsh lines had creet about his pair was streaked with gray, his limined eves were dulled; and new harsh lines had creet about his pair was streaked w

It was an uncompremising tumblerful, and he drank it quite raw. I remember that the thought flashed through me, here: "If he drinks often like this it may kill him, and then poor mamma will he from?"

will be free."
Mr. Costello, with an evident motive of detention, now leaned across the bar and said affably to his customer:

"Have sumethin' wid me, sur. W'at'll it be,

"Brandy." said my father.

Mr. Costello graciously waved a hand toward the bottle which still remained on the counter.

My father drank again Mr. Costello poured something from a private bottle of his own among the many which thronged his shelves. "Well.

here's luck," he said, drinking. And after drinking he said: "Ye're votin' wid the Dimercrats, I s'pose."
"No." said my father, almost gruffly. "I'm

In spose."

"No," said my father, almost gruffly. "I'm not in politics at all."

This was quite too much for Mr. Costello. I think he temporarily forgot that Michael and I were listening and observing. He leaned toward my father and began a eulogy, in fervid brogue, of the present Democratic nominee for Mayor. My father listened, or seemed to listen, with ill-hid annoyance. Mr. Costello individualized one of the curses of New-York political life; his liquor-den was a means of distributing bribes to those who frequented it, for the purpose of making them vote a certain "ticket." Agents of the nominee for mayor, alderman, or whatever the municipal position possibly was, would place certain money in his hands to be discreetly used for electioneering purposes. Mr. Costello had a five-dollar note for my father if he would pledge himself to vote in one special way, and he soon showed that he had. He showed it in this fashion:

"Look here, mee man. You go wid us, d'ye undershtand, an' it'll be a good job annyhow. I'll see ye on 'lection-day, so I will, an' if vou'd want to borrer five dollars or so, d'ye mind, I'll.—" Suddenly Mr. Costello paused. He remembered himself. He became conscious of his unseen auditors. Representing as he did one of those vicious elements which have cast shame upon the greatest city in America for many years, he naturally recoiled before an open display of his own rolitical corruction. He could hold a good many five-dollar bills in that big solled hand of his. Men had given them to him who would not have precisely reloiced in having their names made public as the donors. They used the lust for drink as one of their aids to slipping within fat electoral places. They turned democracy into infamy, and they have been doing it for a good many years since the period of which I write.

But my father was a bad sub'ect for this species of bribery. He shook his head and moved toward the door. I am sure that he saw the roftenness of this kind of attempted government, and

cles of bribery. He shook his head and moved toward the door. I am sure that he saw the rottenness of this kind of attempted covernment, and that he shrank from it with merited disgust. I will ray him this one tribute of respect. Black as were his other faults, dishonesty was not among them.

as were his other faults, dishonesty was not among them.

When I regained our home I had a guilty feeling as I met my mother's eye. I had seen him, and she did not dream of it. How eagerly she would have questioned me if she had known! But she did not know, I told myself, and never should. I had seen that in my father which made me believe him capable of any desperate act. What he had tried unsuccessfully to do he might try to do again. His face, his mien, his blasted and shattered personality, had told me this. The prison had not cured him. He still suffered, in his bad, wild way. And he still waited.

waited.

The next day was Sunday. It was a day of days with me. The season was latter May, the weather balmy, bland, exquisite Even that uzly Bowery of ours took a certain grace and glamor. The house-tops, unsightly as they were, could not hide the brilliant blue of the sky. It was a day that tempted one out of doors. "We will go to church together, this morning, if you wish," my trother said to me.

"Very well," I answered. The church was not far away. I recollect that I had a new suit of clothes, that morning, made by my mother's deft hand. I felt proud and happy as I walked at her side to church. The delicious air of the May weather dispelled all the gloom of yesterday's discovery. My mother spoke as we walked along together.

"How pleasant everything is, Otho."

"Yes, mamma. I am so glad you were willing to walk out. I thought you would always be afraid nowadays."

fraid nowadays."
She did not speak for several minutes. sweet weather made me come forth and breathe it." she replied. There was a pink flush in her checks as she said this; I had never seen her more beautiful. "It is hard to realize that disease can lark so near us when the air has so much purity."

"Disease, mamma?" I questioned.

"Did you not know. Otho? Smallpox has broken out in our neighborhood. Old Mrs. Joyce, the furniture-man's wife, died of it yesterday. And several other cases have also occurred quite near us. Michael is to bring a doctor to morrow, and we are to be vaccinated—Martha. Michael, you and I all of us. You were vaccinated when a little baby. Otho, and I remember what a dreadful arm you had. The doctor said then, laughingly, that you would be safe for the rest of your lifetime."

rly, that you would be seen that I saw a setting."

Just as my mother finished sreaking I saw a Just as my mother us whose face and form I hell. We

To be continued.

A GIRL BANDIT IN COLORADO.

The noted Texan female bandit, with her

Descriptions to the Philadelphia Nece.

The noted Icxan femile bandit, with her male companions and a complete outift are encamred within four miles of Monte Vista near bel Norte, in the southern part of the State. The difference were naturally curious about their presence, and when all advances were repetied by the woman and her companions, the citizens came to the concern Not wenting them is near in 10 good, probably rober. Not wanting them is near independent of the control of t

"I think not. She has been seen several times mountet on a superic bay horse which is as well trained as her gray and protably as fleet. To tell the truth, we don't know what to make of her. She won't allow any one to get hear enough to capture her, and as she hasn't done anything to warrant us in using force to arrist her, we don't know what to do. There is one thing sure, however, we don't want her in our neighborhood."

NEW WAY TO COLOR THE CHEEKS. A NEW WAY TO COLOR THE CHEEKS.
Washington Letter to the Pittaburg Disputer.
A very clever lady and the wife of a popular naval officer gave me a new idea of great social importance the other day. She was running on about society metters generally, when I remarked that a certain young lady possessed remarkably retty cheeks, having that peculiarly lovely tingo of pink rarely seen among fastionable women, and which cannot be indicated with the brush.

"On pshaw! You men don't know anything about it.
The same effect is now produced with a syringe."

the brush.

"On pallaw! You men don't know anything about it.
The same effect is now produced with a syringe."

"The syringe!"! exclaimed.

"Yes; why, don't you know that fashionable women restore color in their cheeks by hypoderime injection! They have a small syringe, the same as is used for administering an anastactic and with this they inject a coloring fluid beneath the skin. Peach-blue cheeks are very desirable, and if there is no blood there to make them, the minute velue and be forced full of coloring matter which answers for blood. The trouble is it is only temporary and will eventually injure the skin permanentry. But what of that! Drunkenness is only a temporary pleasure and will eventually ruin those who indules, so why sneer at the woman who wishes to look interesting for an hour i There are women I know who habitually resort to the syringe for their color. When the effect is gone—that is, when the coloring matter is

absorbes in the skin and carried away by the block-face is absolutely ghastly. The unskillful use of instrument is quite as disastrous. There are daughters of Asmiral —, both of wo muse it nature they haven't a particle of color. One them—well, if you ever see her with 1 robecks show the pricks of the syringe you will see a sight 1 I mea you ever see her in daylight. The coloring matter for into the checks has been taken up in the glasath been the eyes and carried into the end of the most. She is like—inte—what do you call it yes, an old 'burn i's too funny for anything! There's the other aimend on't you see, you can't tell where the color is going finally show up."

OLD LEIZURB. Old Leizure's dead! He was easy and hated strife. We gave him Hurry to wife— So he fied!

And now she reigns in his stead,
She's little to our mind, Hurry, with her worry and riot; Alack) to be so blind! Now it's 'Oh! if we could find Old Leizure we left behind, And the Kingdom of quiet!' Old Leizure's dead. - WILLIAM GERAND

GOD'S LOVE AND MINE. From The New England Magazine. God's love is like a light-house tower, My love is like the sea: By day, by night, that faithful tower

By day the stately shaft looms high, By night its strong lights burn To warn, to comfort, and to tell The way that I should turn. God's love is like a light-house tower, My love is like the sea

He strong, unshaken as the rock; I chafing restlessly. God's love and my love! Oh, how sweet That such should be my joy ! God's love and mine are one to-day: No longer doubts annoy.

By day or night He gazes on Forever tends it with His grace, Though smooth or rough it be. So, singing at its base, it rolls

That all my life illuminates, God's love is like a light-house tower,

My love is like the sea : Steadfast, eternal, He. -[WILLIAM HAIS

"TWO MINUTES AND A HALF." After Jean Paul Richter, Two minutes and a half has man to live; For laughter one, and one again for tears; A third for love; but those dark Fater that give Slit it, half-spun, with the "abhorred shears."

Prima datur lacrymis vita: pars, altera risu; Est etiam frustra quam sibi quærit amor, Namque adimunt ipsæ quod concessere Sorores, Et vix in medio tenum fila secant.

> HUGO. Why should Sir Hugo leave the hall, And seek the rulned tower, When night has spread her gloomy pall, And threatening tempests lower! Broods he upon a deed of ill, And though his soul is riven By fear, yet blood for blood we spill His foe still unforgiven ! Say, does he fear a father's curse,

A mother's bitter scorning! Or are his thoughts still worse and worse As night approaches morning ! Does he attempt in the chill afr Revenue and hate to smother, Because the fairest of the fair Is wedded to another !

No; he reflects upon no deed Of stabbing shooting, choking; But out of doors consumes the weed; As his aunt objects to smoking. THE BOSS. E'er since the human race began The world has sought the coming man; And though he does not yet appear,

Behold, the coming woman's here! And who is she! And she is, please, Bonnie baby Eloise – Eloise from Heaven sent To make earth for us heart's content. Turn the broidered blanket down

Such a sheen, methinks, there lies On the gates of Paradise; Such a tint the artist paints In the halos round his saints-She'll one day be a saint, God please,

Such a deep and tender blue In her wond'ring eyes you view; Eyes so shy and bright, I fear Will win lovers for the dear; Of such eyes the poets tell, Singing of a famous belle-She'll never be a belle, God please, Bonnie baby Eloise.

Little bands, does in ye lurk. Strength to do your woman's work! Far on the wayside inn is seen, And long the road that lies between! Feet so tiny, were ye bern E'er to tread the briar and thorn? God hides it all, we can but pray Ye may not miss the narrow way. We are happy subjects all,

Baby, of your magic thrall; Lying prone from morn to night, From your weakness springeth might; When you came we gave command To your fair but feeble hand, Proving it is true indeed-"Them a little child shall lead." Bonnie baby Eloise,

One great lesson teach us, please, As we look on you the while, Call you pure and free from guile; Teach us dear evangel, teach, If we would the kingdom see Pray ye may become like me. -[W. II. MCELEO'4

VIOLETS AT HOME. O, happy buds of violet!

I give them to my sweet, and she Puts them where something sweeter ye Must always be.

For fairest flowers how fair a fate! For me remain, O tragant breast, Inviolate. -[MORTIMER COLLING

AN ENIGMA. From The Cottage Hearth. What happy moment sees unclose The sealed petals of the Rose! Tell me when the blossom blows !

It glowed amid a leafy nest. It glowed amid a leafy nest.
(Tell me when the blossom blows !)
A bud unopened fair to see.
I watched the folded petals red,
The crimson petals folded close. I heard the robin's call o'erhead From tree to tree.
The sun was sinking toward the West.

Upon my red Rose tree I felt the fitful breezes pass ; (Tell me when the blossom blows i)
They might not reach its golden hears. The clasping petals did not part. The sun went down in ruddy flame Across the hills the dackness came. The crickets murmured in the grass.

The dews fell softly o'er the land. (Tell me when the biossom blows !)
I bowed my head upon my hand. The bud was very fair to see. But I have watched it hour by hour, Still opens not the beauteons flower Upon my red Rose tree.

The darkness fell o'er land and sea. A mist of dreams about me crept; With folded hands upon my knee I bowed my heavy head and slept. Tell me when the blossom blows ! At dawn there blushed a perfect Rose Upon my red Rose tree.

- MARGARET JOHNSON

May, like a girl at a garden gate,
With slender fingers lily-bells grasp,
With eyes of hazel that wonder and wait,
And a hand that longs to lift the hasp. Is eighing, "Ah! when will summer begin, When shall I open and let love in !" Mistress mine, are you like May,

The maiden month in her tender green, Looking wistfully up the way, Will you lift the latch as my foot draws nigh To your gate of love ! for 1 mean to try.
-[MORTIMER COLLINS